

interests of American business and American workers, the President needs Trade Promotion Authority."

Without TPA, other nations will continue to refuse to negotiate treaties with the United States.

Mr. Speaker, it is vital for our economic interest and security that the United States set the trade agenda for the world market.

HONORING LEW RUDIN

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. SCHROCK). Under a previous order of the House, the gentlewoman from New York (Mrs. MALONEY) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mrs. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, if anyone watching tonight has ever called New York "the Big Apple" or uttered the words "I love New York," I hope they will join me tonight in remembering the man who brought those phrases into the public domain. His name was Lewis Rudin, but he was better known as "Mr. New York."

On September 20, at the end of his 74th summer, Lew Rudin died of cancer. We all know what happened in New York 9 days earlier. As we look to rebuild and renew New York after the tragic events of September 11, we must do so with Lew Rudin's vigor, vision, imagination, spirit, and wholehearted love for our great city.

At a time when the city's skyline has two gigantic cavities, I take heart in knowing that it is populated with so many buildings developed by Lew and his family. The Rudin family has never sold a building it developed, embodying a virtue that too few people value and practice today, and that is loyalty. Lew was fiercely loyal to his family, his friends, his city, and his father's commitment to rewarding New York because New York had rewarded his family.

Lew was a tireless booster and advocate for New York City. He co-founded the Association for a Better New York, which has lived up to its title time and time again. It has also brought us better schools, improved transportation, and cleaner and safer streets. The association became a watchdog, rewarding those who enhanced our city with Polish Apple Awards.

Lew Rudin bet on the city, even in its darkest hours; and he bet right every time, in part because he helped solve the city's biggest problems. In the mid-1970s he helped rescue New York from the brink of bankruptcy by convincing corporations to prepay their property taxes.

He beat back an effort by the President of the United States to abolish deductions for State and local taxes, which could have caused an exodus of businesses operating in the city.

He persuaded the U.S. Tennis Association to move within Queens, rather

than outside of New York. He gained landing rights for the Concorde, enhancing our stature as the business capital of the world. He helped expand the New York City Marathon to the five boroughs. Today, 30,000 athletes participate and millions watch around the world.

Lew worked with me recently to transform the dream of a Second Avenue subway into a reality, and he championed the cause of bringing the Olympics to New York in 2012.

Serving in various roles, Lew was a leader and member of a broad array of New York institutions, from North General and Lenox Hill Hospitals to Central Synagogue and Ford's Theater to Meals on Wheels and New York University. His enormous contributions to so many institutions made Lew Rudin an institution unto himself, and prompted the New York City Landmarks Conservancy to designate him a living legend landmark.

Anything Lew Rudin loved, he also served. An avid golfer, Lew founded First Tee, which was dedicated to bringing the game to the inner city. He knew how to get things done.

But as a third-generation American whose grandfather immigrated from Poland with only the change in his pocket, Lew did what he did mostly for ordinary New Yorkers: he fought to improve their quality of life, enhance the resources available to them, and to make a very special city all the more unique.

Lew Rudin left behind a tremendous legacy of visible accomplishments, but he is also responsible for all sorts of contingencies that never came true, crimes that did not happen, companies that did not leave, criticisms of New York that were not uttered because Lew's efforts made them invalid.

Tonight we honor Lew Rudin with kind words, but tomorrow we must honor his memory with good deeds. Mr. New York, we thank you, we miss you. May you sleep in heavenly peace.

Mr. Speaker, I include for the RECORD other eulogies and statements regarding Lew Rudin:

EULOGY BY DAVID N. DINKINS—FUNERAL SERVICES FOR LEWIS RUDIN CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, NEW YORK CITY—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 2001; 10:00 A.M.

Rabbi Rubinstein; Cantor Franzel; Rachel; Jack and Susan; Beth and Clift, Billy and Ophelia; Carlton and Kyle, Samantha and Michael; Eric and Fiona, Madeline and Bruce Grant, Kathy and Nancy; President Clinton; Governor Pataki; Senator Schumer, Senator Clinton; Mayor Giuliani; Governor Cuomo; and the many other family and friends here today to remember Lewis Rudin.

I have always looked upon Lew as a brother, and I am feeling an unspeakable sorrow at his passing. I ask your forbearance as I attempt to share my thoughts.

I am reminded this morning of two others who regarded each other as brothers—the great theologians and activists, Rabbi Abraham Heschel and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. It was Rabbi Heschel, author of the definitive text "What Manner of Man is the Prophet?," who was called upon by Coretta Scott King to eulogize her husband who, parenthetically, was later the subject of a fine biography by Lerone Bennett, entitled "What Manner of Man."

As the biblical reference that moved both Heschel and Bennett told us, the world is yet in awe of that manner of man who "even the wind and the sea obeyed" upon his command "Peace, be still." Rabbi Heschel and Dr. King have long since found their answers to the question, "What manner of man?" And today, we each have our own answers . . . with respect to the man, Lewis Rudin.

What manner of man is this that even the wind and the sea obey? Well, we know that our dear friend was a powerful man, though not perhaps so powerful that he could literally calm the wind and the sea. He did, however, have the power to calm an entire city in its times of storm and crisis. He not only had such power, he used it on every occasion that threatened his city's future. And he used it well. We will hear the truth of this often this morning, and rightfully so, for we are thankful for the strength, the wisdom, and the love that guided him in his mission here on earth.

What manner of man was Lew Rudin. Lew Rudin was a man whose name became known to every New Yorker. He was, as many have said and will always say, "Mr. New York." He earned that title. His extraordinary passion for his City and his spirit of public service will live on in our hearts as long as there is a New York. To Lew Rudin, New York City was more than a place . . . it was a people—a people whose struggles and joys, uniqueness and oneness, touched his heart and moved him to take on our burdens as his own.

What manner of man? Many knew what manner of man he was by his deeds. He was a moving force and guiding light behind so many of the things that have become part of the fabric of New York—the many buildings of the most famous skyline in the world; the New York City Marathon and its Rudin Trophy, born of a collaboration of Percy Sutton, George Spitz and Fred LeBow (it was Percy Sutton who introduced me to Lew); the USTA National Tennis Center (a result of the hard work done with then USTA President Slew Hester) and later the realization of Arthur Ashe Stadium (when David Markin and Judy Levering were President); the "Big Apple" and campaigns; and so many other things that make New York, New York.

Lew Rudin was always there, in times of joy and times of triumph,

leading the cheers for this City and making things happen. But, as we know now too well, all is not joy and triumph. And it was during times like these—the toughest of times—when Lew Rudin's "polished apple" shone brightest. He knew, as did Dr. King, that: "The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy."

It was Lew Rudin who stood with Abe Beame on the deck of what was then considered a sinking ship, and brought us in to a safe port. They refused to deliver up New York City to default. Instead, with the help of other faithful New Yorkers—Governor Hugh Carey, Victor Gotbaum, Felix Rohatyn, Barry Feinstein, Jack Bigel, among them—they weathered the storm of the most severe fiscal crisis this city has ever seen.

And, with a national coalition in which Senators Moynihan and D'Amato, Cardinal O'Connor, Jay Kriegel, and my other brother Charlie Rangel played pivotal roles, Lew went toe-to-toe with the President of the United States to fight off an attempt to abolish deductions of state and local taxes—a move that would have caused corporations to flee our City. It couldn't have been done without Lew Rudin. This City is, indeed, in his debt.

Lew Rudin was the heart of what has been called the "Naked City", a phrase all the more poignant in light of the events of September 11th. And he gave us so much more than magnificent structures and symbols. He gave us an unparalleled example of civic responsibility and commitment. And, man, do we need him now! In his final days, he was so proud of his fellow New Yorkers . . . of his City's spirit and resilience. He was proud of our resolve to rebuild our structures and reclaim our lives. He applauded the heroic efforts to rescue the missing, honor the dead and restore order to the City he helped to build, helped to save, and loved so dearly.

Lew Rudin was, indeed, a true friend to this City. And he remained a true friend to his dying day. And this he did because he had a deep and abiding commitment and caring for the people of New York. For all of the people of New York. So many times, Lew Rudin was the only white person in a sea of black and brown faces, whether occasioned by a time of conflict or a time of celebration. Without fail, the annual gathering of the One Hundred Black Men and the Association for a Better New York found Lew and Jack, Howard Rubenstein, Bob Tisch, Alan Tishman, Al Marshal, Burt Roberts and others in brotherhood with Bruce Llewellyn, Arthur Barnes, Roscoe Brown, Luther Gatling and Paul Williams. Lew always welcomed, and was always welcomed by all the communities of this City.

Lew Rudin lived his life according to very basic principles. He was heir to a family philosophy taught by his beloved parents, Samuel and May, that giving is its own reward . . . and giving of self is glorious. He shared that philosophy with Jack, and passed it on to his son Billy and daughter Beth. He gave his all to this City and its people, and gave of himself to many of us as individuals.

Those of us who had the great good fortune to know him as a friend and brother have been blessed to know intimately . . . what manner of man he was. Joyce and I will miss you, Lew. Our lives are so much fuller for having known you. You gave us the gift of your wisdom and humor, your counsel and your support . . . you gave us the gift of your friendship. And there is no greater gift. The City of New York is a better place because you were here. And we promise you, Lew, that we will not permit your City to remain buried in ashes. We will rebuild, we will restore, we will reclaim.

The death of Lew Rudin gives us reason to mourn. But his life gives us so much to celebrate. Lew Rudin has left us with more than memories—he has left us a rich legacy of his friendship, a legacy of caring, and a legacy of doing for others. It is said that service to others is the rent we pay for our space on earth. Lew Rudin departed us paid in full. Let him not look down and find any of us in arrears.

EULOGY BY IRA HARRIS—FUNERAL SERVICES
FOR LEWIS RUDIN

Louie . . . when Rachel & Bill called Monday and said you wanted to see all your friends I cried as I realized there was going to be no more golf games or early morning or late night phone calls. When you asked me to speak today I felt like I had just been given the greatest honor one could receive.

I want to talk about Lew Rudin, the friend that so many of us were so privileged to have. The guy with whom I spend so many good times on the golf course. The guy who had that great sense of humor. I remember the gleam in your eye when we found out the first time I played the Nabisco-Dinah Shore, that my celebrity partner was not one of the great sports heroes like Frank Gifford or Bobbie Orr, or a movie star like Kevin Costner, but you, "Mister New York". I gave you the needle when I told you that I was going to ask for my money back, but you then reminded me that I was a guest of RJR.

President Ford reminded me yesterday, when we were telling "Lew" stories, how Phil Waterman and I got even by telling everybody at the Ford tournament in Vail that Rachel had made a "hole in one" that day. Bob Barrett got you to pick up the whole bill in her honor at the party that night at the saloon in Vail. You never complained even when Rachel announced that she

had now conquered the game and was going to retire from golf. President Ford said playing golf with you was always a treat. He said to say thanks again for all your support over the years to both his and Betty's tournaments, and for being such a good friend to both of them.

It wasn't just presidents who loved and admired you, but it was all the pros and caddies too. Whatever tournament you arrived at it was always the same, the caddies crying out "Mr. Lew, Mr. Lew". They all loved you and it wasn't because they were impressed with your swing, but because you were you. . . . Then there was the time we were playing a tournament and you missed three shots in a row in the sand. You threw your club down, took out your cell phone and called your favorite pro at Deepdale, Darrel Kestner, to find out what you were doing wrong. Yes, Lew, I could go on all day telling Lew Rudin stories.

You loved to brag about your kids and grandchildren. They were so important to you. You left them the highest crown of life—a good name.

You never let your failing eyesight interfere with golf or anything else. Helen Keller was once asked if there was anything worse than losing your eyesight, she said, "yes, losing your vision." Louie, you never lost your vision.

Lew, I knew when you got to the first tee up in Heaven, Gray Morton was waiting for you. Just remember he's a lousy cart driver and don't give him any gimmes, he chokes on the short ones.

Until we tee it up again . . . I'll miss you.

EULOGY BY WILLIAM RUDIN—FUNERAL
SERVICES FOR LEWIS RUDIN

Good Morning,

On behalf of Rachel, Jack, Susan, Beth, Cliff, Carlton, Kyle, Ophelia, Samantha, Michael, myself and the entire Rudin Family we thank you all for coming. My dad would be upset that we are holding his funeral on Sunday, as he knows many of you have sacrificed your golf games to be here; he did not like to inconvenience people. But I know everyone here is very happy to make that sacrifice and be a part of the celebration of his wonderful life.

Dad, deciding where to seat people today was tougher than seating an ABNY breakfast. If you were here today, you would be looking out at this incredible audience made up your family, friends, co-workers, and the many leaders of business, politics, labor, media, not-for-profit and sports world, and the working men and women, like Alex his caddy and Jose his doorman, that gave as you used to call New York "Your Town" its energy and vitality.

It always amazed me how my father referred to a city of 8 million people, a melting pot of every race, nationality,

creed and religion as just "a town". He beautifully and poetically synthesized the capital of the world into a small town where everyone knows each other and works together to make "his town" a better place.

If my father was standing here today he would ask Mayor Giuliani, Governor Pataki, and members of New York's Finest and Bravest to stand up and receive our thanks and gratitude for what an incredible job they have done to pull this city together during these trying times. He would tell us, just like he did with Governor Mario Cuomo the day after bombing, what strategies we should be using to rebuild Lower Manhattan and then give us a pep talk on how that if we work together we can accomplish anything.

This morning you will hear from the other speakers about how my father and his brother, Jack, carried on the tradition, established by their parents, May and Sam, of building major office and apartment buildings in New York City. And then using that position and power to help his town.

You will hear how he helped save New York City several times from the brink of bankruptcy.

How he formed ABNY in 1971.

How he saved the United States Tennis Association from moving out of New York and how he and Jack helped start one of the world's premier sporting events. The New York city Marathon in 1976.

You will hear of Dad's golf exploits and how at The Bing Crosby Pebble Beach Pro-Am he was on TV for a half an hour having his famous golf swing analyzed by Ken Venturi.

How he loved his many calm, relaxing, quiet games of golf at his favorite clubs, Deepdale and The Palm Beach Country Club with his buddies, especially Burt Roberts, Ira Harris, Gene Goldfarb, Jack Callahan, and Jimmy Peters. Guys, he loved taking your money. For a man "almost" blind he could sure hit those 40 foot putts.

You will hear about his wonderful medical team at New York Hospital and his excellent private nursing staff who cared for him while he was ill and helped prolonged his life.

And I am sure you will hear about many other aspects of a very successful, powerful but caring man.

To his friends he was Lew, Lewis, Luigi, or Mr. New York. But to Rachel, Ophelia, Samantha, Michael, Kyle, Carlton, Beth and myself, he was just Pops. A man who would stop whatever he was doing, even when talking to a Mayor, Governor, major tenant or banker and stop to take our call to us give directions because we were stuck in traffic on the LIE and wanted to know a short-cut around it. He was a frustrated commissioner of transportation. His door was always open and he was always available to offer sage advice whether it be a lease negotia-

tion, refinancing, personal problem or a putt on the 7th hole of Deepdale. "Four inches outside the cup on the right and do not hit it too hard or else you will knock it off the green". Of course many times. I hit it off the green but the times I did sink the putt he would flash me one of those grins that a father has for a son he is very proud of. For Pops family came first and foremost. He loved and cherished his family and was very happy when we were all together.

Pops we will miss those impromptu visits to the apartment as you were heading between 3 cocktail parties and 2 charity, black-tie dinners you were going to that evening just to give your grandkids a kiss hello. Michael and I will miss our rounds of golf particularly with you and Burt. Well, maybe not with Burt. Even when tired from the chemo treatment, you were always there for your grandchildren, attending a performance by Samantha or going out to dinner just so you could be with all of us.

Rach, Mom, thank you for providing Pops with his only ever true home. He loved what you had created in Palm Beach, he truly relaxed down there. We will continue to cherish the memories of all the wonderful vacations and holidays we spent together. Thank you for sharing it with all of us.

Pops, know that we will take care of Rachel and the rest of yours and her family. Rach, or as he lovingly called you Dr. Gotsmacher, Pops was not the easiest patient but he knew you were always taking good care of him and trying to get him back on the golf course. Mom, we love you very much and we will never forget the joy and happiness you brought to Pops.

Fifi, that was Pops' nickname for my beautiful wife Ophelia. He loved you and knew you were always there for him for the last 25 years, as he was always there for you. He knew what an important part you played in my life, always giving me support and encouragement and giving me true happiness. Your love and dedication particularly during his illness and making him feel at peace with his decisions is truly remarkable. You helped him fight an incredible fight with will and determination, strength and guts that is a role model for us all. Fifi, as he would say looking up from behind his desk in the den at Palm Beach, with his glasses partially down on his nose, "Would you mind coming over and read the paper to me?" "Sure Popsical", she would respond, "What section would you like me to start with?" He loved you very much.

Beth, the other night as Dad's breaths were slowing, you hugged me and said I had big shoes to fill, I hugged you back and said and I know you will help me fill them. Pops relied on you and your wonderful sense of philanthropy, your special sensitivity

for finding and getting involved in causes not necessarily popular but very important such as AIDS, homelessness, child advocacy and substance abuse. He was very proud of you and loved you very much. He was especially glad to get to know Cliff and see you happy.

Samantha, Michael, Kyle and Carlton, Pops was very proud of you. Each very special in your own unique way, but connected by the same instincts inherited from Pops—compassion, caring, giving back, and each are blessed with the rare ability to bring people together and make them feel important and special—just as Pops did.

You Kids, are his true legacy.

Thank you Uncle Jack for always being there for Dad and us. Your brother loved you very much. Dad cherished your relationship for it was a truly unique partnership. He knows that he has left behind an awesome responsibility and weight on your shoulders; but know that I speak for your kids, our cousins, and Beth, John, Dave, Sidney and myself and the rest of the Rudin Management team, we will all help you carry on the Rudin tradition. The two of you were true role models on how a family business should be run—we will make you proud.

Thank you all at Rudin Management Company and at ABNY for all your support, dedication and love. Lewis cared for all of you and wanted to know he appreciated everything you did for him and his family. Last week I told him what happened downtown and how brave and heroic our men and women performed under unbearable circumstances. He was very proud of each and every one of you. He loved you all. He also wanted me to especially thank his personal staff and express words of gratitude to each of you. Saundra, Lori, Chris, Tammy, Antoinette, Horace, Mary, Maggie, Krista, Doris and Isabel, he could not have gotten through his busy day and accomplished so much without all of you.

Several people have asked me what will happen to ABNY now that Lewis is not here, the answer is simple, with the wisdom and experience of my father's generation, the energy and drive of my generation, the enthusiasm and optimism of our children's generation and the love and power that fills this sanctuary, we commit to you, Pops, that the ABNY legacy will continue and we will fulfill your vision for a better New York. I asked everyone here and throughout this great city, to help us fulfill Pops' mission and help us rebuild and renew Pops' town.

One of the reasons I believe my dad fought so long was so that he could see his beloved synagogue re-open. Two weeks ago today he participated in the rededication. This synagogue and its leadership is a role model for downtown. Thank you Rabbi Rubinstein for being such a good friend and leader.

For a man with limited vision, Pops had true vision. He was always looking to the future, whether it was the 2nd Avenue subway, new baseball stadiums, or bringing the Olympics to NY in 2012; his vision stretched throughout his town. For a man who talked to Presidents, Governors, Mayors and world leaders and pinned Big Apples on all of them, he related to every person of his town, black or white, rich or poor the same, with dignity and respect. Pops saw no color, he loved everyone. Although he ate at The Four Seasons and "21" he preferred a Sabrett hot dog with kraut and mustard and a cream soda from the hot dog stand on 51st Street.

Dad was the scientific model for multi-tasking. He was not truly happy unless he was in his office simultaneously in a meeting, signing leases, barking out to Lori to get the Mayor on line 1; while screaming on line 2 to Burt Roberts to be quiet and "So what if you were in the papers more than me today!"

He has gone in peace and left behind his "town" not just a little better but a great deal better than he found it—This is all he wanted people to remember him by.

Pops, I know right now you are already meeting with God to organize the Association for a Better Heaven, probably telling him to be brief because you have a tee-off time with your friend Gary Morton in an hour.

Moments after Pops made the transition to the next world the other morning, surrounded by his loving family, the phone started to ring. I looked around to everyone and said, "It must be Pops, he borrowed God's cell phone to let us know he got to Heaven safely."

We love and miss you Pops.

THE HISTORY OF NAFTA AND TRADE PROMOTION AUTHORITY

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. BROWN) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the minority leader.

Mr. BROWN of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I was a little disappointed a moment ago when my colleague, the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. CANTOR), spoke on this floor in support of the Trade Promotion Authority.

We all, including viewers of these proceedings, Members of Congress in their offices, Members of Congress that stop by and watch these proceedings, and others that tune into C-SPAN, see often Members of Congress simply talking about issues. They tell their side for an hour or 30 minutes, and the other side tells the other side, sometimes by party, sometimes by issue.

It is too bad that we did not get a chance today, as I would have liked to,

to engage in a discussion as my colleague from Virginia began on his side a discussion of NAFTA and what the North American Free Trade Agreement has meant to this country.

There is so much to talk about with the North American Free Trade Agreement. While that passed back in November of 1993, my first year in this institution, and took effect in January of 1994, a couple of months later, what has happened with the North American Free Trade Agreement is very, very significant in this body today. That is because on Thursday the issue my friend, the gentleman from Virginia, was just talking about, the Trade Promotion Authority, which used to be called Fast Track until Fast Track became so singularly unpopular a term, after this body had defeated Fast Track not once but twice, in fact, in the late nineties, nonetheless, President Bush is bringing back Fast Track in a new cloak, only a new name, not much different, called Trade Promotion Authority. Trade Promotion Authority mostly is simply about taking NAFTA and all of its pluses and minuses and extending NAFTA to the rest of Latin America. I think that most people in this country, if NAFTA came to a vote, would say, I do not think we really want to expand NAFTA to the rest of Latin America, the President's flowery words notwithstanding and the flowery words of my friend, the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. CANTOR), notwithstanding.

Mr. Speaker, the issue of NAFTA can be encapsulated in a story that I would like to tell. Back when Congress in the late nineties considered expanding NAFTA to the rest of Latin America, considered what was then called Fast Track, now granting Trade Promotion Authority to this President, I, at my own expense, flew to McAllen, Texas, rented a car with a couple of friends, and went to Reynosa, Mexico, to see what the face of the free trade future looked like; how was NAFTA working, since it had been 5 years or so; and how were people in Mexico doing under NAFTA.

I went to the home of two people who worked at General Electric, one of America's and one of the world's largest corporations. They were a husband and wife, and lived in a shack not much bigger than 20 feet by 20 feet. This shack had no running water, no electricity, a dirt floor. When it rained hard, this floor turned to mud.

Now, these were two people who worked at General Electric at 90 cents an hour, they each made, 3 miles from the United States of America. Behind their shack was a ditch about 3 feet wide. Across that ditch was a 2-by-4 people could walk across to get to shacks on sort of the next block, if you will.

This ditch, flowing through this ditch was some kind of effluent. It

could have been human waste, it could have been industrial waste, and likely it was both. Children were playing in this ditch. The American Medical Association, the Nation's doctors, called the border along the United States-Mexican border a cesspool of infectious diseases. They claimed that this area is perhaps probably the worst place for infectious diseases in the western hemisphere.

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Now, when you visit the colonias where these Mexican workers, almost all of whom work for major American corporations, where in this country those workers are paid \$15, \$10, often \$20 an hour working under generally safe working conditions protected by government regulation that keeps these workplaces safe, generally those companies dispose of their industrial waste into the air or into the water properly, so it does not pollute in the neighborhood very much. All of those companies in Mexico tend not to follow these rules. They tend not to install worker safety regulations and worker safety protections in the workplace. They tend not to dispose of their waste properly for the healthy well-being of their employees and the neighbors. Of course, the wages are one-tenth, one-fifteenth, one-twentieth as much, 3 miles from the United States.

As you walk through these neighborhoods, these colonias, you usually can tell where the worker works because their homes are constructed, the roofs and walls, the homes are constructed of packing materials that come from the companies where they work. They unload equipment. They unload supplies. They unload components from a supplier and they take those boxes home. They might take boxes from General Electric or General Motors, wherever these companies are, wherever these employees work, they might take those boxes home. They might be wood crates, whatever, and they construct their homes with these crates and boxes and packing material.

As you walk through the colonias in these neighborhoods where the husband and wife are both working 10 hours a day, 6 six days a week for big American corporations, making 90 cents an hour, they live in shacks with dirt floors, no electricity, with no running water, shacks made of packing materials coming from the company where they work.

This is the picture of the free trade. This is the picture of the future under NAFTA and a picture of the future under extension or expansion of NAFTA to Latin America through the Trade Promotion Authority proposal.

FOOD SAFETY

Mr. BROWN of Ohio, I would like to talk a little bit about food safety tonight, because one of the things I learned as Congress has passed NAFTA